

**MYSTERIOUS MASKED VIGILANTE
SAVES CITY FROM FRENCH TERRORIST!**



BI-WEEKLY WORLD

OMEN

October 16, 1998

Volume 11, No. 3

**LOVE CHILD OF
GREG PRINCE
REVEALS
DEMONIC
ANCESTRY!**



**SHOCKING PHOTOS
INSIDE!**

**ALIENS CONTROL
INDIE FILM MARKET!
ART STUDENTS
IN DENIAL**

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The Omen

Volume 11, Number 3
October 16, 1998

Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....Editor in Chief
Jacob Chabot.....Outwardly Surly
Mat Lauritsen.....Just Enough
Mark Hugo.....Too Much
Aemily Reshen.....Country Girl
Jeff Barnett.....Missing Anti-Christ
Travis Dale.....Yes Man
Dave Killen.....Born in the USA
Bert Cattaveri.....Randle Patrick McMurphy
Wade Stuckwisch.....Ambidextrous
Paul Boyer.....Pooh Bah
Garth Edel.....New Kid

Contributors

Eric Breeden
Tyler Carey
Alexandra Kirsch
Joe Laycock
Jessica Van Scoy
Rose Vincelli
Sara Zahn

"I started doing it
with the other hand. I
thought it was
curving to one side."
-Wade Stuckwisch



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We won't edit anything you write (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach** (B-304, box 1127). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (A-315, x4339). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **non-partisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL Balance of power

by Michelle Beach

Right now, I feel very uninspired. This editorial is very hard to write. I have no ideas for topics. I started something complaining about fall and how awful the rain is and how Hampshire really shouldn't become a swamp when it rains especially after the very expensive drainage project from the summer. But today it has stopped raining and since it is such a beautiful day outside, the kind that really make you appreciate the fall and wish that you could spend all of your time outside in the woods, it is really hard to complain (though the campus is still very swamp-like).

But since I have to write this editorial I am stuck inside and prevented from doing more enjoyable things. Maybe that's how I'll spend the rest of my October Break, between all of the meetings I have to attend and classes I have to get caught up in. I really wish I could take a vacation, though somehow it's just not working. There is always one more thing to do for the Omen, one more person to call back for Community Council. However, what is most frustrating, is not all that I have to do, but all that I see that should be done.

Community Council could be such an effective organization. Council is one of the most powerful organizations on campus. All social policy issues concerning the quality of life on campus and the well being of the college community should fall under Council jurisdiction. Unfortunately there is no one able to effectively use this power.

There has been an unusually high turn-over rate among Council members recently. This semester, Council is almost an entirely new body (this is not entirely due to mere drop-outs, a high number of terms expired and members were also lost due to moving and going on leave). Whatever the reasons, it's already October and Council still

doesn't have a full membership. They've barely had a real meeting. A few of the sub-committees are up and running, but there seems to be very little interest in them as well.

Council is currently in a poor position. There is a long, complex paper trail making up the history of the body. Motions that were passed have never been followed up on and many have since been forgotten and possibly contradicted. Recently a stipend was offered to anyone who actually sat down to make sense of it. Unfortunately this was never accomplished and the records are still in a state of disarray.

Someone recently suggested that a faculty or staff member be elected Chair of Community Council. A faculty or staff member elected as Chair would remind administration that **Council is not just a bunch of students playing government**.

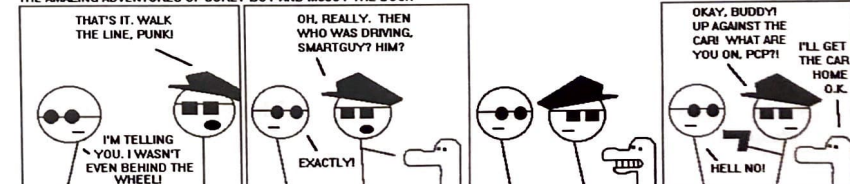
It would command a certain level of respect that students just aren't able to achieve. No matter what student holds the position of Council Chair, they will not be able to be taken as seriously as a faculty or staff member in the same position. I'm not sure if this would solve the current problems facing Council, but it certainly has the potential for a good first step.

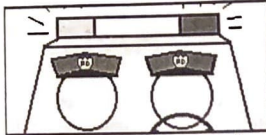
However, no matter who the Council Chair is, the position is meaningless without a strong, solid body behind them. This body must be made up of students, faculty, and staff willing to do their part.

Council needs more members. It needs members who will take their job seriously, who will force others to take Council seriously. Council can be so much more than what it is, than what many perceive it to be. All it would take is for a few more active, responsible people to get involved.

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND MCCOY THE DUCK





POLICE LOG!

September 22 - October 6

Unwanted People & Things

Sept. 23, 7:00 PM: Enfield, harassing phone call.
Sept. 24, 4:31 AM: Dakin, unwanted phone call.
Sept. 24, 2:05 PM: Enfield, unwanted phone call.
Sept. 28, 5:24 AM: Prescott, unwanted phone call.
Sept. 28, 10:45 PM: unknown, unwanted phone call.
Sept. 29, 5:30 AM: Prescott, unwanted phone call.
Sept. 29, 6:20 AM: Prescott, unwanted phone call.
Sept. 29, 8:12 AM: Enfield, unwanted person, visitor spoken to.

Larceny

Sept. 29, 7:38 AM: Merrill, lounge furniture taken, found in Dakin.
Oct. 6, 3:35 PM: Library, bicycle reported stolen.

Noise & Other Disturbances

Sept. 24, 2:47 AM: Merrill, complaint re: quad-unfounded.
Sept. 24, 3:21 AM: Merrill, complaint re: Merrill A: unfounded.
Sept. 24, 1:30 AM: Enfield, noise complaint.
Sept. 24, 11:20 PM: Dakin, noise complaint re: D-2.
Sept. 24, 11:34 PM: Dakin, noise complaint re: D-3.
Sept. 25, 1:11 AM: Merrill, noise complaint re: B-2.
Sept. 26, 1:20 AM: Enfield, complaint re: Basketball court.

Sept. 26, 3:00 AM: Dakin, noise complaint re: F-3.
Sept. 26, 3:45 AM: Prescott, noise complaint re: apt 80.
Sept. 28, 12:57 AM: FPH, noise complaint re: Band practice.
Sept. 30, 2:42 AM: Prescott, noise complaint.
Oct. 3, 3:30 AM: Prescott, noise complaint re: 84.
Oct. 4, 3:00 AM: Enfield, possible fight in parking lot—no problem.
Oct. 4, 4:35 AM: Prescott, noise complaint re: 82.

Vandals

Sept. 22, 10:45 PM: Library, graffiti in elevator.
Sept. 23, 8:30 AM: Greenwich, lawn damage at circle island.
Sept. 24, 1:00 AM: Yurt, window broken.
Sept. 24, 6:26 PM: Prescott, sign painted.
Sept. 26, 7:34 AM: Roadway, speed limit sign removed.
Sept. 26, 8:47 AM: Prescott, student projects damaged.
Sept. 30, 9:52 AM: Merrill, soda machine vandalized.
Oct. 2, 8:40 AM: RCC, window broken.

Fire Alarms

Sept. 22, 11:25 PM: Merrill, cooking smoke on A-2.
Sept. 24, 3:22 AM: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apt. 24.
Sept. 24, 3:17 PM: Greenwich, cooking smoke in apt 15.
Sept. 26, 1:32 AM: Merrill, pull station- malicious- A-3.
Sept. 26, 7:21 PM: Greenwich,

cooking smoke in apt 89.

Sept. 27, 8:09 PM: Dakin, marijuana smoke on K-3.
Sept. 30, 11:11 PM: Prescott, marijuana smoke.
Oct. 5, 6:51 PM: Greenwich, cooking smoke in 6.
Oct. 6, 10:19 AM: Dakin, faulty smoke detector.
Oct. 6, 4:10 PM: Prescott, cooking smoke in 75.
Oct. 6, 6:18 PM: Merrill, cooking smoke in A3.

Breaking and Entering

Oct. 1, 12:10 PM: Greenwich, motor vehicle broken into, stereo stolen.
Oct. 2, 4:14 PM: Prescott, motor vehicle broken into.

Suspicious Persons

Sept. 22, 8:34 PM Prescott, unable to locate individual.
Oct. 3, 4:37 PM: Merrill, no problem.

Traffic

Sept. 22, 5:43 PM: Traffic accident at Four Corners.
Sept. 24, 7:34 AM: Accident assisted with scene on Bay Road.
Sept. 24, 11:00 AM: Boot motor vehicle on tow list booted.
Oct. 5, 9:27 PM: Four Corners, verbal warning.
Oct. 6, 5:38 PM: FPH Lot, verbal warning.

Liquor Law Violation

Sept. 24, 1:24 AM: Merrill, students spoken to.

The whispering caller



by J. Michelle Beach

It's late at night. The phone rings. Still half asleep you mumble hello. The person on the other end whispers into the receiver. You believe you are talking to one of your best friends and share intimate details about your life. The conversation ultimately turns into one of a sexual nature. It is only then that you realize the caller is not in fact your friend but the person who has become known as the whispering caller.

"We are very concerned that people continue to be victimized by this caller," said Derrick Elmes, Director of Public Safety. "The person is really masterful in a sick kind of

way in convincing people to stay on the line and talk."

It can be devastating to learn that an intimate conversation with a friend, was actually with a stranger. That is why it's very important to hang up if the caller can not be successfully identified, Elmes warns.

"While we're pursuing every effort to determine who is responsible, we want to make it clear that the most important thing is for the community to know how this person oper-

ates," Elmes said. "The best thing to do is to simply hang up if a call is received."

Steps are being taken to identify the caller, though it is technically difficult to trace the call and it is fairly clear that the calls are random. Elmes said, in an interview last year, that this is being pursued as a criminal matter.

Similar problems have been reported at the other four colleges, particularly Smith and Mount Holyoke.

As long as the caller is having some success, he will continue calling. If everyone immediately hangs up on him, perhaps the problem will begin to go away.

Playing with balls

by Dave Killen

If the results of Mat's "Sexy Man" survey are to be believed (and I have my doubts), the following may hold more interest for our readers than I would have thought at one time. The Hampshire College Men's Soccer Team has three remaining home games this season, each of which will give the women (and men) of the school ample opportunity to view and evaluate the sexy men of their choice. Or, of course, Mat himself is on the team, and since most of the surveys showed a suspicious slant towards his per-

sonal physique, maybe you'll just want to come and see him.

Remaining Home Games

Thursday, October 22nd Vs. UMass JV (!) 4:00 p.m.
Sunday, October 25th Vs. Lasell College 1:00 p.m.
Tuesday, October 27th Vs. Landmark College 4:00 p.m.

Also, we can't forget the women's team -- itself a fine display of female beauty, if the heterosexual men on campus are

looking for something to do.

Remaining Home Games

Saturday, October 17th Vs. Valley Women 10:00 a.m.
Wednesday, October 21st Vs. Simon's Rock 4:00 p.m.
Saturday, October 24th Vs. Lasell College 1:00 p.m.

If the U.S. television ratings for this summer's World Cup are any indication, no one will take heed to this message. Bastards.

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

by Dave Killen

It was about 3:00 on a Wednesday afternoon when the door to the pub I was having lunch in burst open. A solitary figure stood silhouetted in the doorway. It was Ani DiFranco.

"Oh, shit," I thought.

She managed to get one shot off before I hit the ground. The shelf that had been just next to my left ear disintegrated into wood chips and sawdust, and I launched my 200-some odd pounds into a forward roll. Coming up right in front of her, I knocked the shotgun upwards and she discharged the second barrel into the ceiling. We stood facing each other, not more than 12 inches apart. Without hesitating, I head-butted her into oblivion.

"That's right, ya bloody folk-poppin' degenerates!" I yelled at her unconscious form in my best angry Scottish accent. "Ya com' in 'ere with yer wee gun and yer funny-lookin' 'airan' ya try an' kill me, but aye! Ya didn't count on me Scottish head-but, now did ya? Ha!" I stormed out the door, knowing Tori Amos couldn't be far behind. **That had been the third hippie-friendly pop star to make an attempt on my life in less than a week,** and I knew I couldn't hold out on luck alone much longer.

"The name's Thourgood," I said to the man behind the little slat in the door. We both knew who I was; it was just a formality.

"How are ya, George?" he asked, undoing the locks, "still

Battle of the Bands

fightin' the good fight?"

"Yeah. That's why I'm here," I replied as the door swung open. "Bruce around?" I asked as I walked in and took off my hat.

"Springsteen? Yeah, he's here," said the doorman. "Out back with the rest of the guys. You're the last to show."

"Good," I said, "I'll head on back, then."

So everyone was still alive. I was relieved but mildly surprised — I'd heard Sara McLachlan had gotten a hold of an Uzi. We'd all had a rough go of it for the last few years, and the troubles had mounted exponentially with the developments of the last month. The only thing left to do was band together and hope that our combined abilities be enough to preserve our way of life.

As I walked into the dimly lit back room and sat down among my peers, I wondered how much of a life I had left to preserve.

We talked for almost 3 hours. It was somber conversation; we all knew the situation we were in and the odds against us. We were tired. None of us had gotten much sleep since they'd gotten John Mellencamp had been one of the good guys. If it could happen to him, getting gunned down at his own backyard barbecue by Fiona Apple, it could happen to any of us. We all knew the plan would have to be perfect.

"So that's it, then," sighed Springsteen, "I guess that's all we can do." He leaned back in his chair and stretched, exhausted from the hours of negotiation. "I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be."

"It's the best we're gonna come up with," I agreed, standing up and putting on my coat. "Hey," I said, looking to Tom Petty, "you need a ride home?"

"Yeah, thanks," said Tom, "I was..." His voice trailed off and his eyes fixed on something behind me. "Oh, shit," he said. I turned to follow his gaze. The doorman was standing in the doorway, his eyes wild and wide. He tried to speak, but could only kind of choke and gurgle. Blood ran down the front of his shirt. A split second after I realized his throat had been slit, his belly exploded across the room and his body dropped to the floor. My eyes took a snapshot as I dove towards the instruments, recording the image of Paula Cole in the doorway, smoking shotgun in hand. I hit the ground, rolled and slid, groping for my Stratocaster, realizing as Tori Amos ducked into the room with an Uzi in each hand that this was probably it.

Tom Petty took a round in the forehead before he even made it out of his chair. Springsteen caught one in the leg and one in the shoulder and went down, but not before he sent his Fender Telecaster hurtling into Cole's jaw with enough force to lift her off her feet and back through the glass front of a candy machine. I got my hands on my Strat and jumped up with a good shot at Amos, who had her back to me as she mercilessly ventilated Jimmy Page and Robert Plant with submachine gun fire, only to have it vanish from my hands in a hail of shotgun pellets.

continued on page 7



by Mathew Lauritsen

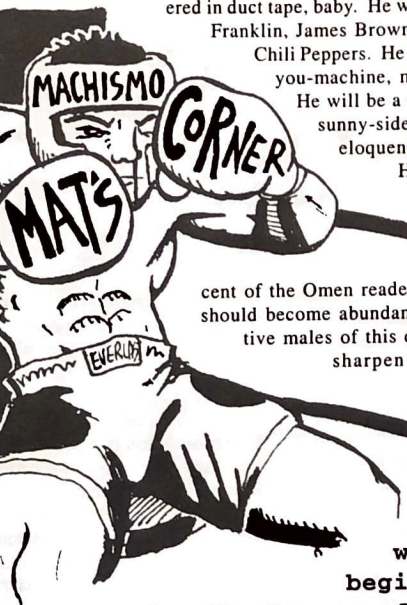
The results of the Hampshire College "Sexy-Man" survey were definitive. The sweet honneys of HC, or at least the seven who filled out and returned the survey, have made crystal clear what kind of man will fulfill their every sexual fantasy and love-related wish.

He will have fetish hair. He will have a nose that is cute as the bunny David. He will be a

fruity "Silent Cowboy," a lover-boy, a dangerous sugar-pie who, in his bookish studies, reminds one of the Crow: all told, a sweet cuddly tiger. His legs will have the definition of Renaldo; his limbs will be lithe and long, complimented by fruity poet hips. He will be fucking ripped. He will not be lazy eyed, or stoned eyed, man. He will be just enough, oh yes, just enough. Maybe even formidable? No, just enough. He will be agnostic. He will not suck Marx's cock. He will be hard like the steel

continued from page 6

Fiona Apple must have come in when I wasn't looking. I tried to get behind one of the amp stands, but her second shot took my right leg off below the knee, and I hit the floor screaming in agony. I began to lose consciousness, but not quick enough — the last thing I saw before blackness set in was a bloody but living, Paula Cole put a .45 cali-



The results are in!

that easily slices through an unripe tomato covered in duct tape, baby. He will listen to Aretha Franklin, James Brown and the Red Hot Chili Peppers. He will be a you, you, you-machine, machine, machine.

He will be a rowdy gardener, a sunny-side-up liar. He will eloquently grab your ass.

Having thus defined the perfect man, a service performed by exactly one percent of the Omen readership (7/700), sex should become abundant. As the sensitive males of this college for softies sharpen their claws and plow their fields, as they buff up and slim down, as they write sonnets and reach for cheek, women will

begin to realize the lunacy of going off campus for play.

Extended here is a special thanks to those hard-working women who took the time to put pen to paper for the sake of the Hampshire libido.

P.S. To the duct tape girl: Merrill A 315; Let's compare notes.

The carnage continues

ber slug through Bruce Springsteen's face as he lay dying on the stage. I knew I'd be next. On some level I could still hear Amos talking, but it sounded like she was miles away.

"Ha," she said, "bad to the bone. Fuck that!" I felt what must have been the heel of one of her

boots slowly crush my nose. I could hear the unmistakable sound of Fiona Apple reloading a double-barrelled shotgun. I heard laughter. It seemed to go on much longer than the humor of the situation could realistically provide. Then, in a roar of igniting gunpowder, it was all over.

A dream of Comicopia

by Jacob Chabot

In defense of the comic book reading, writing, drawing, and production communities (otherwise known as geeks), I must respond to Wade Stuckwisch's "movie review" last issue (*Male Feminism Makes it Hard to Get Laid*). This stereotypical view of comic books is unfortunately commonplace in today's society. **This bigotry that Mr. Stuckwisch propagates will someday cause the end of a great medium.**

Comic books are as American as apple pie and monster truck rallies. The comic book is an American invention, one we should be PROUD of! The whole superhero genre began here with an American dream. Two men rose beyond their destiny to bring Superman to the entire world way back in 1938. This is our history! And so were born the brightly clad, larger than life, living icons of Americana. These very icons, born from the rivers of our culture, are now scorned and despised by the public. This embarrassment is merely swept under the carpet and the passers by are told to "pay it no mind." Mr. S prides himself that he has "read a few small press titles, but that's about it." He represents the portion of the population who consider themselves much too culturally superior to even acknowledge the superhero portion of the comic book industry. These "damned pretentious assholes," to use his own words, consider themselves too elite to sully themselves with those deemed unhip. We, as a society must move beyond such taboos. Wasn't our own country settled by those who followed ideas and beliefs that were considered unhip by the rest of their peers?

Due to his narrowmindedness,

Mr. Stuckwisch's experience and knowledge of comic books barely scratches the surface. His views are based solely on the stereotype. This man probably makes his purchases at Newbury "Comics." The very name of this establishment implies that it would sell mainly comic books. CDs, South Park merchandise, and other paraphernalia would be merely peripheral. But somehow during the store's evolution, roles were reversed. Could it be due to the fact that purchasing the latest Bush album is a preferable, dare I say more fashionable, alternative to the latest issue of *The Incredible Hulk*?

But I digress. What Mr. S is unaware of, in his undying devotion to all that independent (or alternative, or small press, or black and white, whatever is the coolest label these days), is that a large percentage of these books is utter crap. In a market where any Johnny-come-draw-a-lot with the sufficient funds can put out a book (comics truly is an everyman's medium), you tend to have to wallow through a score of unreadable books. Most either involve the creators whining about their little lives and how painful it is to be so cool or epic tales of a post-apocalyptic world. Many talented people work on the so-called mainstream (how a relatively cult thing like comic books can be considered mainstream is beyond me) market, including women. Women work in all aspects of the comic field. Catwoman, who has an impressive set of lungs, was written by a woman, Jo Duffy. Wonder Woman has, in the past, been drawn by Jill Thompson, a veritable woman. Where Mr. S gets his "facts," I don't know.

His ignorance of art is also obvious. I can only assume that he is referring to superhero books, due to his condescending attitude towards such material. The art in these books, includ-

ing drawings of men and women, is very much idealized and stylized to emphasize and capture the feeling of athleticism and energy. This means the women are shapely and the men have chests the size of a Buick. These are tales of modern gods! While in the past, people were enthralled by the feats of Hercules and the loveliness of Aphrodite, today we are told tales of Captain America and X-Men's Rogue. These are meant to be taken as fantastic adventures, pure entertainment. Besides, if you ask me, a woman who looks like a supermodel is more believable than a man who can fly. Not that every woman in comics has breasts bigger than her head and a waist slimmer than her ankles. This is just part of that stereotypical view of comics. Many are very realistically proportioned. This is probably due to the fact that they're drawn by professional artists who have spent many years honing their craft, possible even drawing from life every once in a while. Is Mr. S proposing that every female character be flaccid and homely? Is this what he thinks represents real life? **I wonder, does Mr. S have a problem with attractive women?**

As you can see, Mr. Stuckwisch is an ignorant bigot, pure and simple. He insults a medium and its patrons, of which he knows nothing about, spreading this unbiased propaganda to the populace. I urge you to look past this stereotype that has plagued our great nation, to see something that represents the heart of our culture. If you like to read Spiderman, hold that comic high! Do not hide it between covers of beat poetry and communist philosophy! Form your own opinions! Don't be narrow-minded! Broaden your horizons! Because when you buy a comic book, you buy a piece of the American dream!



Smut Smut Smut: A response

by Wade Stuckwisch

In order to keep my good name from being sullied, I beg to bring up the following points in response to Jacob Chabot's article entitled *A dream of Comicopia*.

- 1. I have never bought a single comic at Newbury Comics in my life. I have never bought anything at that fine establishment other than suitably pretentious CDs or 7-inches, and possibly a pair of sunglasses.
- 2. I refuse to have my name listed in the same paragraph as the band Bush without comment. Bush is a bunch of sucks, and Gavin can't play guitar. So there.
- 3. Although I have never seen the comic, I have it on good authority

that "Catwoman" is a spunk-book, woman-drawn or not. Hey, the editor of Playboy is a woman too, ya know.

- 4. Stylized or no, the stylized drawings of strapping busty women in comics were drawn by boys for boys who don't get dates, for purposes of titillation and smut. So HA.

• 5. I will admit I did depend on stereotypes of "superhero" comics in my short statements on comics which Mr. Chabot chose to blow so far out of proportion. However, in my defense I would like to call on the testimony of Mr. Travis Dale that a certain portion of comic books are a significant source of smut.

"I went to the comic book museum the other day and by golly, there was indeed a good portion of smut lin-

ing those walls. Yes, that's right, honest-to-God smut."—Travis Dale

- 6. I have no desire to destroy the comic industry, despite man's nature to destroy what he does not understand.
- 7. I have no problems with beautiful women, other than the fact that **they are all stupid whores and handmaidens of Satan and they will suffer in Hell for their sins** like those women in "Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill!" and naturally I withhold my natural essence from them.

- 8. Dave McKean kicks ass, so poop on that ya fanboy retard.



Pets for Sale

by Jessica "Jessica VanScoy" VanScoy

Dear God, It's me, Jessica. You know...the one whose life you have made a living hell...yeah, that one.

I have a little secret that I feel it will be OK to tell you—I'm keeping pets in my room. Yes, more than one. But this is no choice of mine, Beloved Housing Office...they were waiting for me when I moved in. They snuck in when I wasn't looking and nestled their fucking disgusting eggs in my dorm. Fruit flies. *Que Jolie!* I even named the first few I met until I found out they wouldn't GO AWAY. Now Bridgette's little corpse is burnt to a crisp in my candle wax.

I do nothing to egg them on—still, they keep coming and coming and coming...I change my garbage three times a day. I open my window and turn on the fan. But, to my dismay and utter despair, they return. And with a vengeance. They're going for blood now. My friend had her birthday cake in

the lounge for a mere TEN minutes before they found it and dove in. They're everywhere! They watch me in the shower! They chase me in my sleep. "Here, Jessi, Jessi," they lure. "Feed me, Jessi!"

I wake up screaming only to find one staring at me from his cozy spot on my pillow.

I've killed ten as we speak. I knew Hampshire had to be too good to be true! **They lure you in with their perfect agendas--only to slap the flies on your ass after you signed the lease and paid 32 grand.**

God...only you know what went on in this hall before I came—but I sure as hell hope that you send those past residents to ROT IN HELL!!

Please! If there is one thing I

can beg of you in this entire universe—call the exterminator! Do something! You're God, for God's sake. I can't even steal an apple from SAGA without them attacking me for it. Save me!

God, I promise you...**I will never think dirty thoughts about Mr. Prince again** if you will please take these ghastly, antediluvian creatures off this already-too-dirty planet! Do it quick before I end up taking a blowtorch to my room. Then everyone will have to stand out in the cold, and miss yet another *Simpsons* episode for yet another lovely fire drill (not caused by E-37!) And then I'll never get voted Prom Queen!!! And you wouldn't want that to happen, now would you? Sybil would be very, very upset.

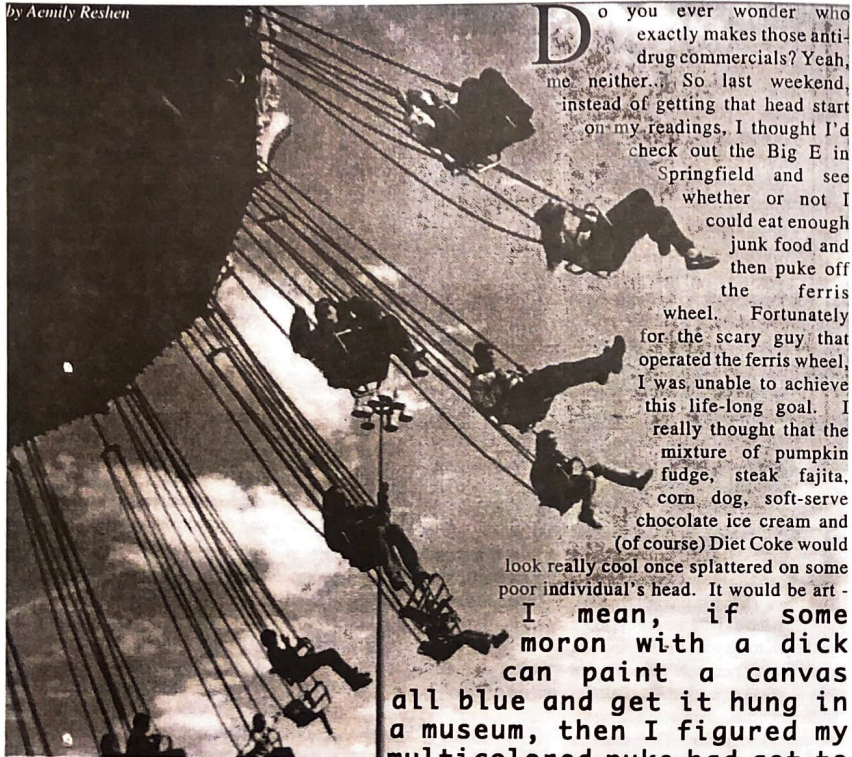
Well, I hope that's settled. Now we can all continue with our happy, fruitlessly lives....

Amen.



A day at the Fair

by Acemily Reshen



Do you ever wonder who exactly makes those anti-drug commercials? Yeah, me neither... So last weekend, instead of getting that head start on my readings, I thought I'd check out the Big E in Springfield and see whether or not I could eat enough junk food and then puke off the ferris wheel. Fortunately for the scary guy that operated the ferris wheel, I was unable to achieve this life-long goal. I really thought that the mixture of pumpkin fudge, steak fajita, corn dog, soft-serve chocolate ice cream and (of course) Diet Coke would look really cool once splattered on some poor individual's head. It would be art - I mean, if some moron with a dick can paint a canvas all blue and get it hung in a museum, then I figured my multicolored puke had got to

be worth something. In fact puke was the one thing that was oddly missing from the Big E. For those of you pathetic, confused, lazy, drunk, uninformed, wastes of a life, the Big E is this fair thing (and yes, that is the official term) where there are exhibitions from the New England states (like Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut you fucking lame-ass imbeciles) and lots and lots of food.

Each of these states has their own building in which people sell stuff that is allegedly related to their state. For example, in the Rhode Island building people were selling fudge and in the Connecticut building they were advertising a phone company. This makes sense because we all know how Rhode Island is known for their fudge and Connecticut is known for their phone company. In these buildings were also tons of free pamphlets that tell you information about everything from The Organic Cow of Vermont to Turkey Hunting Safety Rules. Oh yeah, in some other buildings there are also lots of animals that you can either eat or pet. Oh yes, you hippie, vegetable eating freaks, I said eat. And it was good too. In fact, right next to the places where the animals were kept, were also free

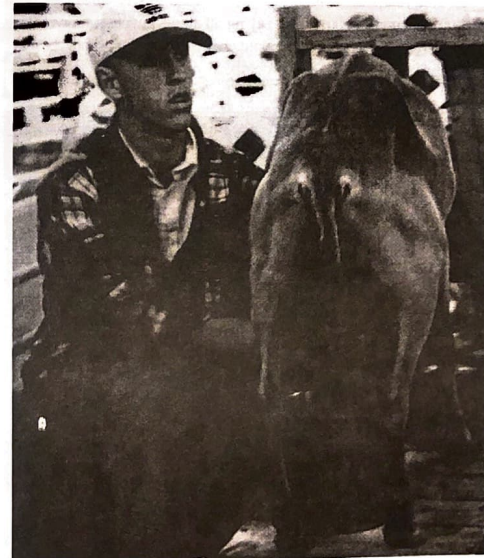
recipes. I got some festive lamb recipes that I plan on using after my next mass slaughtering of poor helpless tasty little animals. If you have read this far and are wondering what the fuck my point is maybe you should switch schools. I don't need a point. This is a Hampshire Publication.



This is a prize winning green pumpkin. Ok, maybe it was a squash. The important part of this picture lies in the fact that someone had enough time on their hands to try to grow a vegetable on steroids. It weighed about 400 pounds.



After walking around all day and eating enough calories to last you for a week, you could soothe your tired feet at a "Footsie Wootsie" station. All you have to do is sit down, pop a quarter in, and let the machine vibrate your feet into a state of relaxation. Personally, I found this rather unsanitary after seeing a man using the machine with a different part of his body...



Here is a hick/Umass student molesting a goat or something like that.



This is my friend Cheryl. She decided that it would be cool to film while on the torture device for people over 5ft. For all of you out there who think this is a good idea, here is your warning: It is very hard to hold on to objects while being hurled through the air at high speeds. Gravity exists.

Retaliate in '98

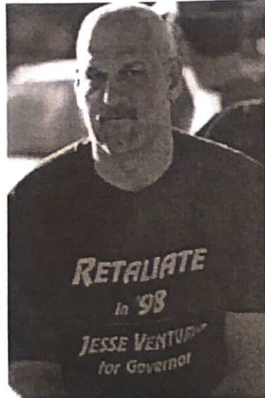
by Travis Dale

One question that I get asked fairly often is: "Travis, what on earth do third party politics have to do with professional wrestling?" Until quite recently, I've found that I haven't been able to give a satisfactory answer. Theorizing and postulating are fantastic and certainly have their place at the dinner table, but people always want to know, "What does this have to do with me, the common man? How do pro-wrestlers and third party politics relate to my life?"

Now however, we have a real life example of the profound impact pro-wrestling is having on modern politics. Former wrestler Jesse "The Body" Ventura, is currently running for governor of Minnesota as the Reform party candidate. Ventura, who retired from wrestling after an 11-year career in 1986, has since been employed as an actor (his film credits include such gems as *The Running Man*, *Predator*, and the highly acclaimed *Batman and Robin*), a football commentator, a talk radio host, and mayor of the Minneapolis suburb, Brooklyn Park, from 1991 to 1995.

Ventura's tag team partner, er, running mate in the gubernatorial election is Mae Schunk, a St. Paul teacher and curriculum specialist. Wrestling experts predict little success for the Ventura-Schunk tag team. Ventura is getting on in years, but could still probably hold his own against the younger wrestlers. Schunk however, 64 years old, and with no

professional wrestling experience, is not expected to last 10 seconds in the ring, and will probably stay at ringside as a distraction, perhaps assisting with the steel chair every so often. Political



pundits explain that Mae Schunk adds balance to the ticket, because Ventura is not real strong on education issues. Oh yeah, the issues. Whatever...

Actually, while we're speaking of the issues, you may be surprised to learn that Ventura's politics have changed since his wrestling days.

Notorious as a "heel" wrestler and commentator during his glory days, Jesse's political strategy was best summed up by his motto: **"Win if you can, lose if you must, but always cheat."** Since then, however, Jesse has apparently turned over a new leaf. He now refuses to accept campaign money from PAC (Political Action Committee) groups, emphasizing accountability to the people, not big money interests. Way to go.

Jesse Ventura is not really expected to win the November election. Though his popularity in early polls is in the 13 to 17 percent range and he is expected to draw an even larger turnout of people ordinarily unwilling to vote, as he did in his mayoral victory, his opponents, Democrat Hubert Humphrey III and Republican

Norm Coleman are both considered stronger contenders for the Governorship Title Belt. What is important here, however, is that the possibilities for the expansion of democracy and the improvement of our nation's political system do not go unrecognized or ignored by our country's election promoters and booking agents. The merger of professional wrestling and politics is a good one, solving two major problems this country faces. First, wrestlers serve to reinvigorate the election process. They are widely known and easily identifiable by their gimmicks, theme music, and finishing moves, all of which would make politics much more entertaining and would increase participation in the democratic process. Secondly, this merger finally gives older, retiring wrestlers a worthy use for their lingering popularity and talent.

And this is what I've been saying all along. A vote for a wrestling politician is a vote for improved democracy, heightened freedom, and a better America.



Community Service

by Paul Boyer

We go to a rather flakey school. Some of you newcomers may not have noticed this, but rest assured you will discover it for yourselves ere long. Examples of this phenomenon abound, and are evident in no greater forum than that of the Division II, which, coincidentally, I am in the process of completing (yes, I know, its been a while, I don't need to hear about it).

The Division II itself is an excellent example. Does any other school have such a beast? Do you think they don't for a reason? Other schools have what they call "majors." A Division II is a major. Actually it is a major without required credits and with plenty of other bullshit tacked on to it, but it is, in reality, a major. Some people may fool themselves into thinking their Division II is more cohesive and asks a specific question or addresses one very specific aspect of something or another. They are wrong. Those are Division I's and your Division III. A Division II is a bunch of classes which have some vague connection put into an folder and given to a committee to read. Of course **there is also a Third World Requirement (some class on poor people somewhere),** a community service requirement (you're reading one now, can you believe it?) and, most screwy of all, a retrospective. Don't ask

what a retrospective is, they won't tell you. You'll merely be told that it is something you write about the classes you took. What they must not realize is that **THEY'RE ALL IN THE GOD-DAMN FOLDER! READ THEM FOR YOURSELF FOR FUCK'S SAKE!** I was also told that I should comment on what papers were the most successful. **THE ONES WITH THE BIG RED "A" AT THE TOP, WHAT DO YOU THINK?** Of course, at Hampshire we don't get grades, so many papers will have no such marks. But if you managed to complete Division II without taking a single off-campus class then you are one fucked-up individual.

Needless to say, my retrospective contained no such information. I didn't mention myself or Division II until the last couple pages and made no reference at all to a single class taken. Quite frankly I don't care. No sane school would require this of us.

And while were on the topic of what sane schools wouldn't do, some of you may have received a copy of our beloved alumni magazine, *non satis scire*, over the summer. In it there is a very uninformative article about a student named Christie Veitch*). Never mind the fact that in the article it says that this student originally intended to "power" through Hampshire and then transfer to a better school af-

ter a year (why come to Hampshire in the first place then? If she wasn't smart enough to get into a better school to begin with what made her think a year at Hampshire would change that? Why would the school advertise this as a sane tactic?). I want to discuss the "(*)" at the end of her name, which apparently is "the star and the moon [which] represents her belief in the Wiccan faith, an earth-based spiritual practice." Now I don't care that this person decided to put a stupid little thing at the end of her name, I just can't believe this school took it seriously enough to actually print it, not just once, but throughout the entire article. And though I have no way of knowing for sure, apparently they did it with a straight face. On top of that they actually called it "star and the moon" as opposed to what it really is: an asterisk and a parenthesis. This would be the equivalent to calling myself "the Pooh-Bah Paul Boyer" and actually being referred to as such in a scholarly magazine ("Pooh-Bah Paul Boyer uses the 'Pooh-Bah' before his name because he honestly thinks he's better than all of you. He's right, too").

As I have stated, examples of this sort of behavior on the part of this institution, things that must cost us of large amount of what little credibility we have, are abundant, but I have no intention of delving any deeper into it now. I haven't the time nor the inclination. The Omen probably doesn't have the space either. I don't care; I have a Div II to finish.





by Wade Stuckwisch

Hey all. Well, sadly I didn't really see any movies in the last two weeks which I feel like reviewing. I saw *Pi* the other night again at the Academy of Music. *Pi* is a really good movie, but seeing it a second time makes me realize that it walks a very thin line between being a really good, deep movie and being a very pretentious cheesy movie. I, however, think it walked that line consistently. Yeah, so go see *Pi* one of these days.

Anyway, instead of boring you with movie reviews, I figured I would tell you about my treatment for BATMAN 6. Yes, Batman 6, since from what I hear the fifth Batman sequel is already in development. I really figured *Batman and Robin* would have permanently killed off the franchise

(Tilt the camera one more time, Joel! Good idea, Mr. Schumacher!), but I guess we weren't that lucky. Until very recently, I had only suffered through the criminally bad Joel Schumacher Batman movies, *Batman Forever* and the

Die by bloody Batman death

much worse *Batman and Robin*. And after those two stinkbombs, I think it's high time the Batman

Franchise That Would Not Die gets some serious retooling.

Here's my plan. After "Batman 5" comes out, sucks like a Hoover vacuum, and hopefully flops, I figure I'll be able to get together a small group of investors and purchase the rights to the Batman franchise for a more than reasonable price. My first role as new Executive Producer of the Batman franchise would be to have Joel Schumacher fired, beaten, and if at all possible, killed. Sell right wing somewhere else, Joel, we're all stocked up here. I also plan to fire the art director and set designer from the last two movies. With Joel and friends out of the picture, I would hire a good director, preferably Sam Raimi (*Army of Darkness*, *Darkman*) or Jean-Pierre Jeunet

(*City of Lost Children*, *Alien Resurrection*). My second job would be a Stalin-like purge of the cast. First, can we get an actor who can actually act into this shambles? I hear they're actually considering Patrick Swayze for the fifth Batman movie. Come on, now. I know they trussed in Alicia Silverstone for the last Batman movie, but have you seen the beer gut that guy has put on? Bah, to heck with you! I say let's shoehorn Jeremy Irons into the big rubber suit and have some real fun. Chris O'Donnell is out the door too, just because I don't like the cut of his jib. My *Batman* will feature Ben Affleck as Robin, purely because I figure anyone who's worked with Kevin Smith must know something about comic book sidekicks. Plus, he was cool in *Glory Daze*. Speaking of Kevin Smith and sidekicks, Kev would finally get his chance to get into the Batman story with a cameo appearance as Silent Bob:

BATMAN: Which way did Ventriloquist go?

SILENT BOB: (Hides a large bag of weed behind his back and points off right.)

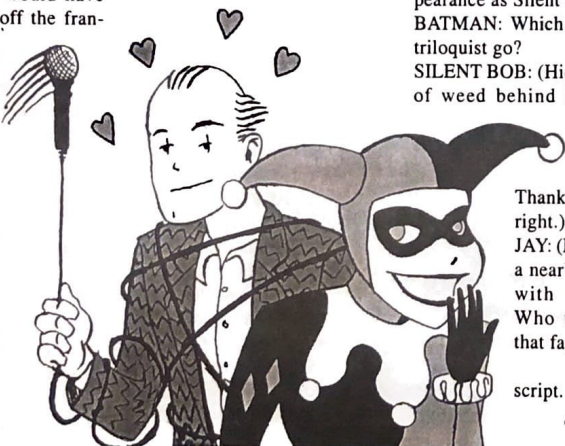
BATMAN:

Thank you. (Exits to right.)

JAY: (Emerging from a nearby Quick Stop with a Yoo Hoo) Who the fuck was that faggot?

On to the script. For *Batman 5*,

continued on the next page



Bite me, Joel

continued from page 12

I hear the bad guys will be the Scarecrow and my all-time favorite supervillain, The Joker's spunky girlfriend Harley Quinn. I guess that leaves me... the Ventriloquist? Sure, why not. Hopefully they won't do anything too bad to Harley in *Batman 5*, not like what they did to Bane in *Batman and Robin*. (I don't even read the comic and I know it was all wrong.) Regardless, Harley is coming back in my *Batman 6*. I'm still not sure who gets to play her. Why not give it to the woman who does her voice on the cartoon, Arleen Sorkin? I bet she still looks OK in a jester's costume.

But anyway, since every Batman movie needs a gratuitous number of villains, I'm going to tack on my own villain: Stand-Up, the twisted stand up comedian gone insane. Once, he was a normal student at Hampshire College. Then one day he inexplicably changed his major to comedy (it's funny because it's been done) and his subsequent unemployment led him to go insane and believe the funniest thing in the world would be to kill Batman. Meanwhile, Batman is busy with the Ventriloquist and with Robin becoming Nightwing. (Like any good executive producer, I don't really know anything about this shit. I'm just stealing this all from the WB cartoon.) Oh, I forgot to

mention that Batgirl is DEAD.

Stand-Up busts Harley Quinn out of Arkham Asylum and tries to convince her to help him kill Batman. He immediately falls for her, but can't get her to give up on The Joker. (Did I mention that The Joker is alive? He is NOW.)

Bert goes psycho

by Bert Cattaveri

Here I am at the "Adult Psychiatric Unit." The patients are adults, but the doctors and staff are extremely childish. Widespread incompetence is the official doctrine here.

My psychiatrist's name is John Pascarelli. He changed his last name in order to pretend to be Italian. I do not know whether the lack of hair on the back of his head is due to experimental brain surgery or banging his head in a repetitive fashion against his office wall.

Dr. "Pascarelli" is treating me for "excessive sanity disorder" with painful and frequent and painful electroshock therapy. For some inexplicable reason, I doubt the competence of this lunatic doctor.

However, keep me doped up on Librium and I will not complain. That is to say, as long as I don't run out of cigarettes, a disaster which appears imminent.

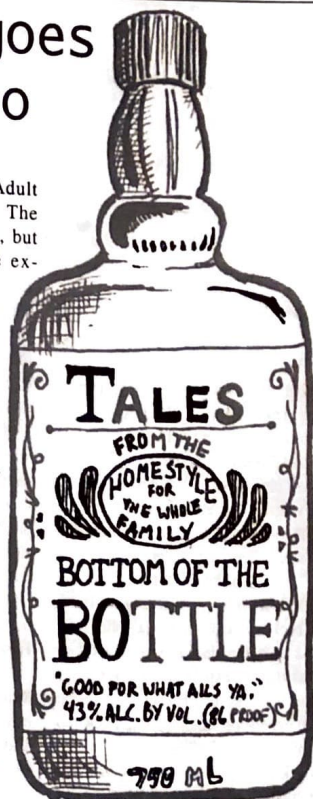
To sum things up, stay away from alcohol my children. It may lead you to this House of Incompetence. Instead, stick to good Bolivian cocaine and plenty of Puerto Rican smack (available in Holyoke on High Street).

Most of the movie will then revolve around the sappy romance between Stand-Up and Harley Quinn, while Batman, Nightwing/Robin and The Ventriloquist work out their differences. Eventually Harley and Stand-Up come up with a plan but Batman and Nightwing bust them and send them both to Arkham. The experience, however, makes Harley

Quinn realize what a sweet guy Stand-Up is, and the two get hitched in Arkham. Th' End.

So that's my pitch. Send your checks to "Joel Schumacher Can Suck It Productions" and I'll get back to you after graduation.

NEXT WEEK: I don't know, maybe I'll finally go see *Rush Hour*...





by Rose Vincelli

Oh, what an evening... I have just gotten back from Whateley's Diner, my Late-Night-not-so-cheap-coffee-and-fries oasis. For those that don't know, it's a truck stop somewhere off I-91, which is the road those visiting me from The South will ultimately take to get here. What made this evening worth mentioning, is the following tale written in most of it's 3am, coffee-jittered glory...

So, here I sit after an EXTREMELY long wait for an actual table, a back booth, waiting for a coffee refill. As usual the place is packed, and I am informed to expect slow service, as it is our waitress' first Friday night. Soon, an interesting looking group of characters enter, leather jackets, hair slicked back and up with the assistance of a pound of hair pomade each, tattoos, and an occasional piercing, generally your basic Rock-a-billy boys, and kid, am I a sucker for Rock-a-billy boys. Yes, I am fully aware that they are (almost) all too old for me, and these boys were no exception. My cohorts were mostly amused that I was intrigued by these greasy, dorky, white t-shirt, tight-jean, and tattoo clad lads. Most were not your typical "attractive males" (whatever that is), but I found them all attractive just by the nature of their dress (how shallow). If these fellows were local, I was extremely surprised that I had never noticed any others of their persuasion "in the neighborhood." Nonetheless, they too, waited for a table, (there were about 7 or 8 of them by the way), and when one finally emptied, it was, lo and be-

Cheap Coffee and Conversation with Unexpected Greasers

hold, right next to mine... The fate gods were with me tonight. As a result of the crowded capacity of the evening the chairs had all been stolen, and there was only the booth side for them to sit on.

"It's hard to look tough when we're all sitting like this," someone commented. It's true I thought. My partner in crime, hearing my earlier gasps at the presence of Rock-a-billy boys, graciously offered her side of the booth as an option to the fellows. The one sitting next to me accepted, but did not take up the offer immediately. He and I began to chat:

"Funny," says I, "I didn't think there were any Rock-a-billy boys around here. I'm sure I would have noticed," I said cautiously, hoping not to offend anyone by the use of an improper term for their manner. "Oh, well, we're just passing through." Yes, that's really what he said. "Oh really? Where are you headed?" was my witty retort.

"Oh, well, we're on tour, and we're headed down to Hartford to do a show. We just did one at (insert random small Massachusetts college here)."

"Oh really, well what band are you in?" asks the groupie, thinking for a minute that some strange, strange twist of fate had placed a friend of a friend's band, The Rackateers in Amherst, for a pre-show nap, for a show whose announcement I had missed.

"Oh, we're the AMAZING ROYAL CROWNS, a Rock-a-billy band outta Boston," he says. Rose's jaw drops.

"Really?" she asks, most

uncouthly.

"Yeah. Have you heard of us?" he replies innocently.

"I have your album! (the self titled, full length one, but not the newer, 'digitally remastered' version) Are you kidding?"

"Really? Wow," he replies oh-so wittily... This fact he points out to the other guys at the table. This was the start of a beautiful relationship. Well, actually, it was the start of a two hour or so conversation with one of my favorite bands. **I had pancakes, which by the way, had a hair on them as an added bonus,** and, well, they

mostly had burgers. It was incredibly surreal. I half waited for them to jump on the tables and start singing, to the glee of the suddenly greaser-filled truck stop. But, perhaps that would have been a little too Elvis for my time. However, I do believe that I shook for the first hour or so. They were really nice guys. Jason (or rather King Kendall) has really nice full sleeve tattoos up both arms, "typical" Rock-a-billy stuff, flames, dice, girls, you get the idea. (Something only I would point out.) Eventually, the hour approached close enough to dawn to feel guilty about being out, and my cohorts began to snooze in their coffee cups and plates of half-eaten greasy diner food. Sadly, I finally took the hint that it was time to go, and as it turned out, the ARC felt the same way. Back to campus we went, with Rose screaming obscenities of shock all the way. All in all, it was a worthwhile evening.

What's in a name?

by Joe Laycock

Hello, my name is Joe Laycock. No, that wasn't a typo; lay as in inexperienced, cock as in penis. When the professor reads, "Joe Lay- Lay- Is this Laylock or Laycock?" I'm the guy in the corner correcting her, "It's Laycock, Laycock." I have had people at parties say, "You're Laycock! I've heard of you!" Yes, that is really my name, even though there are people who still think I'm lying in order to get attention.

It all began in England, on my father's side of the family. Yes, I can picture Lord Laycock right now, smoking a fag and eating his spotted dick, while wearing some absurd puffy wig and using his chamber-pot. Oh, he was a grand only bugger. There really is a Laycock village in England, I've been there. My family inquired and found out that it was, indeed, once spelled "Laycock" but they changed it. "Well **we didn't want to sound like a bunch of, you know, wankers,** eh?", the tour guide explained. He latter told me, "You should be proud of your heritage. I bet you learned how to use your dukes in the school yard, eh?"

My father was named Harold, but when the school-yard children called him "crazy Harold" he changed his first name to Douglas. My mother is of Irish stock and, understandably, kept her maiden name: Sullivan. My father not only approved of this practice he wanted their children to be named Sullivan too. But my mother wouldn't have it. She in-

sisted that there were too few Laycocks in America (Wonder why?), and the noble line mustn't die out (never mind that she didn't want to be Laycock).

A lot of people ask me if kids made fun of my name when I was little. Surprisingly, not really. There are two reasons for this. One is that any witty alteration of the name would be preferable. Granted you could say "Here comes Joe Cocksucker" or "Look it's Joe Crack Whore," but these are insults in themselves; you could be referring to anyone named Joe. The best attempt I've yet heard was the uninspired, "Joe Lay-egg." But the real reason no one made fun of my last name is that my parents, in their wisdom, referred to me as "Joe Pete," which conveniently rhymes with "Bo Peep," which is some fucking nursery rhyme that apparently involves sheep. "Little Joe Pete fucked a sheep..." It took me years, a lot of blood, sweat, and more blood, and a good chokehold technique, to finally get people to start calling me "Joe."

But my sadistic parents weren't yet done. When my younger brother came along they got him to start calling me "Bubba." There isn't a person in Austin, TX. over the age of thirty who isn't charmed by the sight of a two-year old child crooning the word "Bubba." Never mind the fact that my parents were from Chi-town and thus "damn Yankees" or that I had no name to associate with my budding identity that was not humiliating; these were equally "cute." At family reunions, I was called "Billy-Bob." I still don't know what the

fuck that was about.

I bring this up because I recently turned eighteen and can now legally change my last name. So far I have been thinking along the lines of "Joe Descended From a Rich History of Total Morons but Please Leave Me in the Gene Pool, I Can Do Better, I Promise," but it would be hard to sign checks that way. Anyway, like the Empress in *The Never Ending Story*, I need a new name. So I am holding a contest. Anyone with a good idea for a last name, send it to me. Anyone who suggests Joe Blow, Joe Schmo, Joe Camel, etc., will be shot. I am not joking at all about shooting you. I am totally serious. In Texas, if you are on welfare you can still own two guns.

To enter, send your name, your idea, and the orifice where you would prefer to have a Texas Peacemaker inserted should it be necessary to: Box 0746, G411, or JPL98@hamp. You can even leave your idea on my answering machine at 4695. The winner and several runners-up will be published in *The Omen* and receive a prize of some sort.

In the course of my life, people have often described me as "introverted", "bitter", or "violent." To these people, I suggest you get everyone to call you by the nick-name "Numbfuck" for a semester. Then, keep a journal every night of the experiment and write about how "introverted, bitter, and violent" you feel. I believe you will find it thought-provoking.

Sports at Hampshire?

by Tyler M. Carey

When I approached the quad, he was sitting in a peacock chair, feasting on hush puppies and slurpees. He was Vladimir Ilich Andropov—the ringer for the Merrill Wiffleball team. Three Hundred Pounds of Communist Glory. I think he may have once been a SAM at Merrill, gaily waving the flag of his former homeland.

It was frightening. The image. The myth. The man. The misery soon to come.

I'm trying to remember exact details now, more than a week after the frightening encounter. The ceiling seems warped, as I lay on my velour couch, dictating this story into my beaten-up tape recorder. The atrocities that I saw unfold in the form of a game implied far more than a rivalry between Merrill and Dakin houses.

For one thing, where did they get that Albino Inuit pitcher?

The ball he threw from his mighty Alaskan paw ripped past "Vlad the Inhaler" (as he was called).

"You Jackass!" screamed a girl at the pitcher, "You're supposed to wait until he reaches the plate!" This same long-haired critic came running up to Vlad and asked him to kiss her ferret for good luck. I think something was lost when his interpreter tried to relay this to Vlad, because he beamed at her

and handed her a business card with his phone number on it. He had misunderstood her innocent sacrifice of a marmot to his athleticism. Realizing the sexual implications of the exchange, she ran off screaming to Enfield.

It was shortly after that encounter that all systems were go and he finally raised his mighty yellow bat to strike the flimsy ball. Listening to a live version of 'dark star' right now. Trying to purge that image of him missing that first ball from my head. How I wish I could re-see that memory as one of victory. Sadly, no, Vlad missed the first ball.

"Strike One!" screamed a stocky, yet handsome fellow who was only around for a few minutes of the game. He kept murmuring about a Camaro he was working on, and seemed largely distracted from the game. However, he was there for this historic moment.

Vlad raised the bat, and prepared for the second ball. He spat a wad of capitalist chewing tobacco on the ground, in front of the catcher and prepared. The Inuit pulled all of the strength out of his wiry frame and hurtled a fast ball towards Vlad.

"Strike Two!" roared the catcher.

How could it be? Would this play out like some sort of East meets West Casey At The Bat? Wasn't he the Soviet image of Babe Ruth? Goddammit, wasn't this a Unified Team?

The Albino wound his arm and threw a curve ball. Vlad reached and struck the ball, but took out the sandy haired

catcher with his follow-through. A double crack was heard as the ball, head, and bat all collided with one another. Chunks of yellow plastic flew off towards the onlookers as the bat shattered.

"Son of a BITCH!" roared the catcher. His buddy Ernie came up to him, as he lay there bleeding, whining about how they needed to get back to work on the Camaro. 'Not until I've settled this!' bellowed the catcher, his massive head wound spurting.

My God. Hadn't there been enough carnage? He was a Warsaw Pact wrecking machine! The Omen must have really hated me to assign me to such a devious scoundrel! And to think, I nearly rejected The Forward's wooings, beckonings, courtships and propositions. Do I really know where my bread is buttered?

You could taste the tension as the crowd around the dying catcher parted. Everyone except Vlad was truly amazed at his drive to keep playing. Vlad understood, though. **He knew that the game was no longer about winning or losing; it was about blood.**

The Alaskan started his wind up, but Vlad raised a single hairy arm, in a motion to stop the game for a moment. All eyes turned to him, as movement on the quad ceased. Extending a finger, he raised his arm towards the sky.

Wait. Was it the sky he

Finally, you slouches!

was pointing to? Or was it that sick orphan on one of the Dakin balconies, cheering, 'Vlad! Vlad! Vlad!' And what was that in his hands? It looked like he was holding a stuffed... Penguin?

On second thought, I really don't think Vlad was pointing to the orphan with the penguin at all, but to the sky. He was saying, "That's where it's gonna go! That's where the ball is gonna go!" At least that's what I think he was saying.

I don't really know. I don't speak Russian.

The Inuit looked up to the spot where Vlad was pointing. Visibly, he swallowed. He was afraid. The other team was afraid. Vlad's own team was afraid. The audience was afraid. Maybe Vlad himself was afraid.

But there was one who was not afraid at all. The catcher refused to look where Vlad pointed. Instead, his eyes remained focused on Vlad's hamstring, ready to sever it with his own teeth if Vlad tried to run.

With a prayer to the Gods of the Yukon, the pitcher hurled a mighty ball towards home plate. His own eyes on the Yukon, Vlad tightened his arm and cracked into the ball. All eyes immediately went to the spot where Vlad had pointed,

but the ball wasn't headed there.

It had popped about ten feet up in the air, where the catcher intercepted it with a mighty jump. Unsatisfied with merely defeating Vlad, though, he pounced on the red giant and bit into his leg. Both teams immediately piled on, hoping to break things up, but instead making things worse. The ironic thing was that **the scuffle was silent. Not a scream, groan, roar or whine.** The only sound still audible was the ferret girl, still shrieking in fear of Vlad, all the way off in Enfield.

The only Merrilite hurt was Vlad, suffering bruises and a concussion. Hours later, he was fine—eating hush puppies and chugging slurpees on the Merrill House tab.

Although ten Dakinists were taken away for minor 'sports-related-injuries', they still routed Merrill. The victory was bittersweet, though. Casualties aside, the SIDs had to make a press release and handle embarrassing questions about this 'mystery-catcher'. Who was this conservative fiend? Why did he take a wiffleball bat across the

head so personally? Was it really necessary for him to scream "I like red meat!" as he lunged towards the Communist Athlete?

These are the people turning America into a frightening place, goddamit! The ones who take their political agendas too goddam far. A hamstring is a terrible thing to taste. Next time you see a wiffleball catcher making politically incorrect statements, sit him down and say, "Hey, Wiffle-Ball-Catcher, let's agree to disagree on this, but you're wrong! You're evil! Communism isn't bad! Walid told me so. Y'know, Mr. Wiffle-Ball-Catcher, I bet you voted for Bob Dole!"

Think about these athletic hate-mongers when you vote this November. Blue Dresses aside, we should all vote Democrat this time around. When you vote Republican, you elect a man who has several hundred thousand followers all bent on the destruction of Communist hamstrings. Taking down the hippies, and then the art-fucks can't be far behind. For the sake of our generation, please vote Democrat.

Every time you vote Democrat, you make love to the nation—and that's a hell of a lot of people.



by Jacob Chabot

THE ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND OFFICER CARL





by Gareth Edel

I don't know what it is, but I have been around Hampshire for a while and every year about the same time people start getting sick. A few people at first and then like dominos the rest go down. There are coughs, and stomach ailments, exhaustion (although some think that may not be an illness), body aches, and soreness. There have even been a few cases of vomiting (not saga related) and once or twice a little bit of hysteria. Now for most of us it just starts slowly -- tired, then sick, then wishing you were dead and then slowly you feel better. The only problem is that it seems like every time you are really sick you want to go to health services and it can't help.

"It seems worse than it is. You wouldn't be coughing that up if you weren't getting better."

"There isn't much we can do for a cold, and yes you did mention the blood... Give it a week and if it doesn't go away on its own, come back."

"I really don't think you're pregnant but why don't you get one of those five dollar tests at CVS..."

Now I am happy to argue all day about whether these slight exaggerations are a legitimate form of criticism. I might even be willing to agree that Hampshire is so broke it cannot afford to im-

prove the health services. I will never agree that a sane person decides to put the health services building as far away from the center of campus as it is. Nor will I agree that the health services staff are the problem. I have had very little personal contact with them, so I do not blame them for the situation. I simply want to state that the situation is not good.

This is after all an old fashioned *Omen* rant. I would be yelling about hippies or the other paper (*Forward/Phoenix*) but I like hippies, even when they smell and I could not give a shit how bad the other paper is, I simply don't read it. The same rights which allow me to waste Hampshire money writing for this paper and to read the same allows them to have a shitty paper all their own. I choose here to rant about the fact that in my first two years at Hampshire I went to health services four times, although I was sick many more, and all four times I was told that I was not really sick. I have had friends go in coughing up blood who were told that they would get well on their own.

I have had friends walk in and say that their doctor had given them so and so drug, to which the health services responded by giving them a prescription to get the drug in question.

I don't have a suggestion or a real fixed complaint. I just don't like health services. Although I hope they have improved since my last visit, I somehow doubt it. I have been sick for two weeks. Maybe I will go to health

services, but for now **I am going the juice route, sleeping through classes, using an infinite number of tissues and popping any sort of medicine I can get.**

The answer to the problem is not rides down from public safety and suggesting that Hampshire students wait and see their doctor at home over the next vacation. We have a good EMT program, a remarkably friendly and understanding public safety. Come on, we complain but when was the last time they did something that you disapproved of?

The only major problem with the services involving health and safety is our health services. Could it be fixed by a new location? By getting a new doctor added to the staff? By switching to a new campus health insurance provider? As I said before, I don't have a solution. What should be done is outside my realm of expertise, but we have a huge and well respected (by some) administration who could try and fix it. The problems with health services could be fixed.

I end this article by calling on whoever is supposed to be over seeing the health services. I ask you to fix the problem. Faculty don't want us sick, because we miss class. We don't want to be sick because we miss parties, and you are supposed to be helping us prevent and ameliorate (I think I am using that word right) our illnesses. **O**

The Plague

A letter

by Christopher Fortin: Guest speaker from Westfield State College

Dear "Leader of the Free World":
It is our pleasure to inform you that you, M. President, are eligible for an unpaid, indefinite Vacation-Impeachment! On your exclusive Vacation-Impeachment you'll be able to tour Earth's most renowned talk shows, write at least two contradictory autobiographies, sue the unauthorized authors of at least three libelous biographies, and donate a negligible fraction of your profits to a well-known charity in an overblown public ceremony.

Meanwhile, **your "Till Death Do You Part" will experience an unparalleled get-away all her own** where she will be waited on hand and foot at YOUR expense. Bodyguards, admirers, social climbers and pool-boys-of-ill-repute will serve her every need while continuously talking trash about you, M. President. Not only will you be relieved of the burden of your long term relationship, but her tears of crack lawyers will still constantly keep you up to date on her emotional and financial status. Furthermore, tabloid photographers will hound you for the rest of your days, carefully detailing all of your illicit affairs for decades to come. And after a dozen or so years of bad press, someone in Wisconsin will name a middle school after you anyway.

Yours Truly,
Herman B. Reel
President of The Sarcastic
Letter Writers of America **O**

Flaming Hobgoblin

by Mark Hugo

So there I was in a lovely suburban house nestled in the middle of Cotati, California (or was it Cotiti?). Could this really be the abode of famed *Omen* writer, Travis Dale? I had worked on many horoscopes with Mr. Dale, of which my memories are spotty and blurred. Staring at the dirty ceiling, I would rant for hours about Geraldo Rivera, sexually transmitted diseases, the damned hippies (whoever they were) and just how gay Gemini was going to be that week. He would diligently decipher my dribbling with his divine knowledge. Those days were magical; their memories as pungent as the musty odor of a bachelor's dorm room. Note to self: clean laundry soon...very soon.

I had imagined that Travis lived on some sort of commune, surrounded by wizened and embittered shamans such as himself. How else would he have obtained such insight into the malicious and biting world of horoscopes? But no, he lived a rather tranquil, middle class existence with his Beadlemaniac mother and psychic cat.

I pushed this all these strange questions out of my mind as I prepared to rehearse a bean burrito. Not just any burrito, but an extremely tasty and pretentious treat bought the day before in Berkeley. It was wrapped in a plain, brown paper bag, so I tossed it into the microwave for one minute. Travis was idly flipping through the many blessed channels of cable television for he knew Mystery Science Theater 3000 was in the midst of air-time. Normally, I would have been extremely pissed at the prospect of missing the beginning of MST3K, but I knew my mother was taping it for me.

My burrito wasn't hot enough. I set the microwave for another minute. "You've got to come see this, Mark."

"Yea, I know..."

"No, man, it's *Hobgoblins*."

It's horrible."

The prospect of a really bad movie ranked upon by the loveable trio, Mike, and his robot buddies Tom Servo and Crow T. Robot, distracted me momentarily. Of course it was as frigging hilarious as I imagined; an extremely eighties, straight-to-video version of *Gremkins* with five dollar puppets. Tom Servo's line **"Hey it's the eighties, let's do a lot of coke and vote for Ronald Reagan,"** summed up movie quite well. The important lesson seemed to be that everyone is either a slut, or will become one, by the end of the movie.

I turned back into the kitchen, noticing a strange light emitting from the microwave. As I rounded the stove to get a better look, I realized that it was my burrito, now a steadily rotating flame ball. I had forgotten that under the layers of paper bag and wax paper, the burrito was wrapped in aluminum foil. The price of home appliances spun in my head as I grabbed the flaming burrito and chucked it into the sink.

"What's going on in there?"

Travis evidently heard my yelp of surprise.

"Nothing, nothing at all." I thought I sounded convincing.

Luckily, I didn't burn down Travis' house. After noticing that the faucet didn't reach to put out the flames I dumped some dirty water from a cup on it. The carbon stains even washed off from inside the microwave. In accordance with the majority of my life, something almost happened and I ended up getting a few laughs.

For more information about MST3K consult www.scifi.com, or stop by B-2. It airs at five and eleven p.m. every Saturday. **O**

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You too can sleep around

by Dyke Slut and Geek Slut (Eric Breeden)

Tell me if you can see it in the course catalogue; *The Ethical Slut*; a guide to the infinite sexual possibilities. I can see it, wedged somewhere between the Jewish grandmothers and their tape-worms. Can I get a Div I out of being a slut? Check the course description: Historically and today the word "slut" has been used as a demeaning term for a woman whose sexual attitudes and activities are indiscriminate and shameful. We want to give the word a new meaning. We propose that the word "slut" refers to people who seek out their desires and break down the walls of sexual repression. A slut is someone who doesn't limit him or herself to creating loving, intimate, sexual friendships only with people who are monogamous life mates. In fact, let's say that **a slut is any person who lives life with the idea that sex is nice and pleasure is good for you.**

Quick disclaimer: we're totally novice sluts. We encourage anyone to challenge our ideas, and engage us in discussion. The ideas and stories we have to share come from our own lives, beliefs and from reading we've done. We encourage you to do your own research; make up your own mind. Don't take what we give you, nor what you've been told by everyone else. Figure this out for yourself.

(Dyke slut steps up onto the podium) Sluts of the world, reclaim the word from its demeaning and oppressive history. Use it with affection and a sense of empowerment. To us, a slut is someone who is free from the binds of society's puritanical assumptions about sex. We be-

lieve that anyone, no matter what orientation, race, gender, sex, religion, or other such labels, can and should lead a sexually diverse and fulfilling life. Because we believe sex is nice and pleasure is good for you. If it's between honest sluts, mod/hall booty doesn't have to be bad booty!!!

THE BASICS

There are two key rules to successful, ethical slut-dom.

1. Commit yourself to openness and honesty with yourself and your partners.
2. Own your feelings.

Your initial fear is, how do I keep myself from getting hurt? Good question, very valid. The truth is, there is no way to keep from feeling hurt. You risk it every time you trust someone. Obviously, it's easier to trust only one person at a time. You focus all your energy and attention on that one person hoping not to get hurt. But you got hurt anyway, didn't you? And we bet that hurt probably came from some sort of dishonesty on someone's part, right? So, the key to anything, is to be as **TOTALLY** open and honest as you possibly can be. Part of that honesty is to admit all of your attractions, desires and needs. Then you trust your partner(s) to do the same for you. Then you don't have to worry all the time if your trust is being upheld. Honesty feels really good.

The second rule is to own your own feelings. The only person responsible for the way you feel is you. People can do whatever they want to you. You **CHOOSE** to feel and react the way you do. This does not mean you can do things deliberately you know will hurt others; this isn't ethical. You always think about your actions and consequences. We

would hope you care about other peoples' feelings. But, if you feel jealous because someone you want to spend time with, is spending time with someone else, you need to own that jealousy. You and you alone are responsible for changing the situation or how you feel.

To some people sex tries to be a single solitary bond made with their one and true life-partner. A person should only have sexual interaction with that intended life partner who they hope to have 1.5 kids, white fence, and shiny home appliances with. If they enjoy sex with anyone else then they should feel sick, dirty, and wrong for it? If they don't, they're a slut?

Can we please admit that we all have **PHYSIOLOGICAL** addictions to sex? Our bodies, completely independent of our minds, morals and issues, want sex. It's part of our biology. How has it become virtuous in our society to deprive our bodies, a part of ourselves, what they need? Especially women?

I'm a good girl. I don't masturbate, or even think about sex. I'm on a diet, and I stay up all night drinking coffee to stay awake. I just don't understand why I'm so tense and bitchy and sick all the time...

Now don't deny that there are people out there who have **IS-SUES** about sex. I'm sure you don't know any of them. To educate you: People with issues about sex are either:

- dealing with them,
- thinking about dealing with them,
- ignoring them,
- envying people without major issues about sex,
- detesting people without major issues with sex, because it makes

continued on the next page

them feel better about themselves to imagine they are going to heaven, or somehow otherwise really virtuous because they only think about these things incessantly, but don't actually **DO** any of them.

- any combination of the above.

(Yet again, we're not claiming we don't have issues about sex; we're just telling you about our slut perspective.) This generation has graduated from the sexual revolutions of the sixties (free love), seventies (free sex), and eighties (safe sex), and we are no longer the innocent fifties-style predatory males and innocent females. Hell, it wasn't even like that back then! The guys are more sensitive, and the females are stronger willed and more knowledgeable. **But we

STILL have this attitude that every guy is a predator and every girl blameless, even if we don't realize it!

Now we're not asking that everyone have campus-wide orgies anymore than a gay rights activist is asking for everyone to turn gay (although we can't deny it would be our fantasy). We're asking for recognition and tolerance of someone who has different views and inhibitions than you. Maybe you're like this and maybe you're not. But don't look scornfully on those that are. Transcend that hidebound white-male-judeo-christian-puritan-upper-middle-class view that's been given to you.

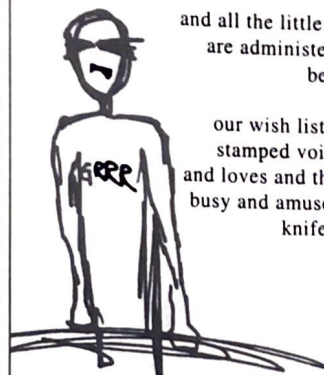
Look at yourself. Are you a slut? Do you want to be?

Interested in finding out more?

Do a search for Polyamory on the Internet, or read *The Ethical Slut* By Dossie Easton and Catherine Lizt. Greeny Press.

A poem

by Sara Zahn



and all the little things. the things we love are administered. and again until we beg for denial

our wish lists. written in haste. but stamped void in favor of new toys and loves and things to keep us occupied. busy and amused. man woman love hate knife gun cock cunt

by Alexandra Kirsch

ALEXANDRA'S Question of the Day:



Is there a correlation between eating at Saga and getting diarrhea?

Care to share your thoughts: email me at akirsch@hampshire.edu

Thin walls

by Wade Stuckwisch

*Du Hast, Du Hast Mich
Damned Rammstein bleeds through the walls.
Ach! Ach! Mein leiben!*

RICK and SAURUS in FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER 3: SOME ANSWERS

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